THE
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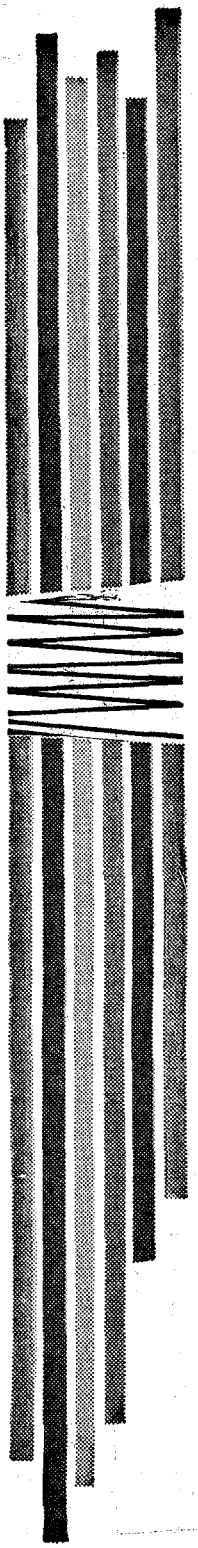

THE GREAT LEAP BACKWARD

China's Food Shortage

Reed J. Irvine

WATERING THE DRUG BILL

Milton Viorst

THE KENNEDY CULT

Sister Mary Paul Paye

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LETTERS

Reinstating Teachers

Dear Sirs: The matter of reinstating six New York City teachers, suspended without pay in September, 1955, and January, 1960, still awaits a decision. They are being penalized ostensibly for admittedly false answers on applications for a position given as long as seventeen years earlier, but actually for refusing to act as informers. Evidence of this is that other teachers, who also gave false answers on their applications but who informed on their fellows when asked to do so, have not been suspended.

Among those who have spoken out against the suspensions are *The New York Times* and the *New York Post*, editorially; Eleanor Roosevelt; the late Councilman Stanley Isaacs; the New York Board of Rabbis, and thirty-eight community and religious leaders. *The Nation's* readers can help put an end to the assault upon academic freedom and civil liberties by writing to Mr. Max J. Rubin, President of the Board of Education, 110 Livingston Street, Brooklyn 1, New York, asking for immediate reinstatement of all the teachers.

ISAAC WARSHOFSKY

New York City

Pay Dirt

Dear Sirs: Having spent many months traveling in Australia, I find it not unusual that the darling of The Ultras, Dr. Fred Schwarz, is not the Messiah Down Under that he is Up Here [see *The Nation*'s special issue, June 30]. Anyone preaching communism in Australia could be guaranteed but one thing: anonymity. Why otherwise? That country was taking social reform for granted (woman suffrage, 1902; old-age pensions, 1909) before Czar Nicholas II was in mid-career. And certainly a people refusing to become hysterical about "communism" could hardly cotton to "anti-communism." . . .

Apart from anything else, there is the baleful reflection that any out-of-work opportunist the world over can now look upon demagoguery as good pay dirt, yielding more here than any gold strike in Australia or California ever did in years past.

Los Angeles, Calif. JAN GELLERMANN

Dear Sirs: "The Ultras" does an excellent job in pulling away the masks from the two faces of the Right, and the naked faces are indeed hideous.

Granted that monolithic communism would be very distasteful to most of us (what monolithic system isn't?), it is heartening to read Mr. Cook's words that "this sickness [Radical Rightism] is a far greater menace in America today than a virtually nonexistent, burrowing communism."

Cosmopolis, Wash. HAROLD J. ENRICO

[*See back cover for special offer on bulk copies of "The Ultras."*—EDITORS.]

Another Opinion

Dear Sirs: I have usually found your articles quite sound. However, I think "The Ultras" is a disgrace. . . . (It) is simply an emotional, rabble-rousing treatment of what is a significant movement in American politics.

RALPH B. WOOD

Baltimore, Md. Johns Hopkins Univ.

As Pants the Bomb

Our custom of dressing men in trousers, by increasing the temperature of the reproductive organs, causes at least 100 times as many mutations as present fallout levels.
Dr. Edward Teller

Fallout has scared us needlessly, it seems;
It's wearing trousers that impairs our genes.
For every bomb that drops near Johnston Island
Each pair of pants does damage worse on dry land.
The joke is now no longer on the Scot—
His kilts have kept his genes from getting hot.
In China women used to wear the pants:
Their 700 million can't be chance.
Away with jeans, for Dr. Teller frowns;
Let fashion now put men in Paris gowns
And fallout needn't worry you at all—
Take off your pants, and let the A-bombs fall!

BRADFORD SMITH

Shaftsbury, Vt.

Shocking Reality

Dear Sirs: Jack Foisie's "News Gap in South Vietnam" (*The Nation,* July 14) unhappily contributes to the flight from reality which he deplores. Writing of Mr. McNamara's visit to "battlefields" in South Vietnam, Foisie notes: "His tour of inspection took him to Ben Tuong, one of the resettlement projects to which farm families subject to Communist harassment are being moved."

This is the way myths are made and fostered. These so-called "resettlement projects" are concentration camps, into which village families are herded, by force, after their own homes and villages are burned, in order to prevent them from helping the guerrilla rebels. . . . These projects were planned and supervised by Americans. To refer to them in the terms Mr. Foisie uses is to disguise the shocking reality.

New York City HELEN MEARS

[The Nation's *April 14 issue took note of the realities of these "resettlement" projects in an editorial entitled "Operation Sunrise."* — EDITORS.]

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Whither NATO?

That all is not well in NATO must be obvious to the most casual headline reader. The conclusion is reinforced by the endlessly reiterated denials that anything is seriously wrong. One would think, from most of the reports which reach the American public, that the internal NATO confabulations are invariably carried on in a spirit of brotherly love, in contrast to the rifts and antagonisms which ravage the Communist bloc. Not all newsmen, however, are so cooperative. Writing from Bonn, C. L. Sulzberger of *The New York Times* raises his eyebrows at "the legend that recent command changes in both Washington and Rocquencourt are routine and involve no shift in strategic thinking." It may be added that these changes probably portend bigger and louder dogfights among the loyal Allies, for some very serious issues are at stake.

Whatever one may think of General Norstad's vision of the future Europe, no one disputes his military and diplomatic competence. There will be less agreement about General Lemnitzer, his successor (but not his chosen heir: Norstad had another general in mind and made no secret of it). The subsequent resignation of Lieut.-Gen. James M. Gavin as U.S. Ambassador to France may likewise be displeasing to President de Gaulle who, before he would accept Lemnitzer as the NATO commander, subjected him to a half-hour evaluation interview. Gavin had tried to convince the Kennedy Administration that by helping de Gaulle achieve his dearly cherished goal of a full-fledged French nuclear capability, it could induce the French leader to be less stiff-necked in his dealings with Washington. It was no sale. The Administration holds that the West's nuclear deterrent must be "indivisible," i.e., under American control. It fears — and the fear is well justified — that under some successor of de Gaulle, the French nuclear force could catalyze a war between the major nuclear powers which, as Secretary McNamara says, would be tantamount to suicide for all concerned.

If de Gaulle is not happy, neither is Adenauer, and again nuclear power is an issue. Norstad's policy was to equip NATO forces with every variety of nuclear weapon, from nuclear-tipped Davey Crockett rockets to land-based medium-range missiles which could reach Russian cities from European bases. Both atomic and conventional weapons would be available to NATO divisions, including the German ones. According to Sulzberger, the Germans feel "McNamara's desire to avoid an all-out holocaust might forestall the use even of low-yield atomic weapons in Europe's defense" — and that Norstad shared their view. Worse, General Taylor, chairman-designate of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, has written that it would be "incredible" to use American nuclear retaliation except to assure America's national survival. The prospect of German troops proudly bearing nuclear weapons recedes accordingly.

Reasonably prudent Americans will not view these changes with alarm. It seems likely, however, that the next U.S. Ambassador to France (Charles E. Bohlen has been mentioned) will not be lying down on a bed of roses. It is also likely that the Bonn-Paris axis will become still more rigid. Both de Gaulle and Adenauer are frustrated and neither is noted for taking disappointment with Christian resignation. They will take

THE NATION'S SUMMER SCHEDULE
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out their resentment against Uncle Sam (and John Bull, the favored partner) by intensified intransigence vis-à-vis the Soviets. Uneasy days lie ahead.

Required Reading

On a road as broad and well paved as the one which leads to hell, the United States is headed for another Korean War, or worse. But this time, in South Vietnam, we have ample warning. We have been blessed with this opportunity for six months, in the articles which Homer Bigart has been writing for *The New York Times* from the scene. Now, back in the United States, Bigart has summed up his observations in two-thirds of a page; and if he is still unheeded at least we shall have the small consolation of knowing we deserve what we got.

On the question of numbers, there is no disagreement. The guerrillas can muster some 25,000 men at most. They have no air power, no anti-aircraft or other artillery, no trucks, no jeeps, no tanks. They are infantrymen and nothing more. Against them is arrayed a force now approaching 205,000 South Vietnamese regulars, a Civil Guard of about 70,000, a Self-Defense Corps of 80,000—and 9,000 highly trained American servicemen. The anti-guerrilla forces are equipped with helicopters, armored personnel carriers, plastic boats, napalm, chemical-warfare apparatus and everything else that the Pentagon and the American taxpayer can furnish.

The situation is absurd. On paper, the Vietcong should have been defeated long ago. But instead, the tide of war is running against us, and for a very simple reason: we have everything on our side except the people, who have no faith in the tyrannical regime of Ngo Dinh Diem. This is supposed to be a fight for freedom, but there is no freedom in South Vietnam. People are herded into "strategic hamlets" and labor gangs; the press is rigidly controlled; there are no elections; gatherings are forbidden. And as for Diem himself, far from being grateful for our aid, whenever he dared he has incited the controlled Saigon press to print what Bigart calls "bitterly anti-American tirades."

The Americans who are in the war can't help themselves, but there are indications that they, too, are fed up. As Bigart and other correspondents have reported before, this is a dirty war. Bigart pleads for an amnesty which, he hopes, would "inject a note of humanity in a struggle that has shocked American military observers with its senseless brutality." Vietcong prisoners and fleeing peasants are indiscriminately shot. The charred bodies of women and children are found by Americans in villages destroyed by American napalm. Torture is the accepted way to extract information from prisoners.

How did we get into this, and how can we get out? Gen. J. Lawton Collins warned our government against involvement with Diem. Allen W. Dulles, then head of the CIA, persuaded John Foster Dulles that General Collins was wrong. And the CIA still largely determines American policy in this part of the world.

If the American public knew the facts, there would be a chance of reversing the policy. But, except for the *Times* and a few other papers, the press has regaled its readers with colorful accounts of this or that abortive expedition against the Vietcong, and given the impression that all is going as well as can be expected. It is enough to make one despair of the democratic process as currently practiced.

Thalidomide and Strontium

Thalidomide is the name of a West German tranquilizer drug which seems to be very effective (and profitable to the manufacturer), but it has one fault. Taken by a woman in the early stages of pregnancy, it may cause the child to be born with imperfectly developed limbs, or none at all. It is reported that from 3,500 to 5,000 such malformations have occurred, or will occur before the fall, in Europe, where the drug was marketed. It was also sold extensively in Canada. In the United States, it was kept off the market by the Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, but experimental samples were sent to several hundred American physicians, clinics and hospitals, some of whom trustingly gave it to their patients [see "Watering the Drug Bill," by Milton Viorst, page 43]. So malformed births have occurred here, too, and there will be more.

Birth and babies are big news and if there is danger and tragedy, so much the bigger. The more sensational section of the press pounced on the story ravenously. A prospective mother in Arizona appealed for legal sanction for an abortion when it was found she had taken some of the pills. The court decided, in effect, that it had no jurisdiction, but the case flared into a *cause célèbre* and is still going strong. Even the conservative New York *Herald Tribune* headlined "Drug Tragedy" and "Mothers' Heartbreak" on front and inside pages. All over the United States and Canada people debated, deplored and wept.

All with good reason. But where were the newspapers — where *are* they? — when Linus Pauling tears around the country pleading for a cessation of nuclear testing on behalf of the unborn children whose lives will be ruined by radioactive isotopes? If a horror which will last a year is unendurable, what about a horror which will go on for ten thousand years, or till the end of time? If a few thousand malformed or stillborn children can make us wring our hands, why not a few hundred thousand, or millions? The same mass media which are pillorying the drug company which, with good intentions and hopes of eventual profit, distributed samples of thalidomide in the United States, treat

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Pauling and anyone who shares his concern with indulgent contempt, as if what they were talking about scarcely merited the notice of reasonable people.

But, of course, there is a difference. Opposition to thalidomide is easy and safe. It touches only a minor vested interest. Opposition to nuclear testing challenges a major sector of the whole economy. The cold war may be privately deplored, but to take a public stand against it is unpatriotic. Defense, even when it threatens to kill all the mothers and all the babies, all men and women, old and young, is as sacred as religion. The small tragedy is a psychological shield against the tragedy whose dimensions are too great for comprehension, and too dangerous for opposition. Like the Fascists who crack down on immodest dress, our newspapers can crusade virtuously and profitably against the tranquilizer that miscarried, and ignore the criminality which is part and parcel of their own scheme of things.

What? No Shelters?

Last year a nation-wide shelter program was on a par with the race to the moon as a patriotic necessity; this year only the Administration still pays it reverence. President Kennedy asked for $568,000,000 in new shelter funds for the fiscal year 1963, which began on July 1. The Appropriations Committee not only rejected the request, but also barred further use of funds previously voted for shelter purposes. The Civil Defense Director, Hon. Steuart L. Pittman, pleaded for restoration of the stricken appropriation, saying that the action would "throw away the opportunity to provide protection for tens of millions of Americans at the cost of $4 per person." Representative Holifield, the most dedicated shelter promoter in the Congress, warned of "terrible devastation." It was all to no avail. The House stolidly upheld the action of the Appropriations Committee and the prospect now is that shelters will receive $75 million, if that.

But is this not the same Congress that last year was so alarmed and so lavish? What has happened? Have the nations beaten their swords into ploughshares, and does the lion lie down with the lamb? Or are the legislators hysterical one year and calm the next? Was the war scare of 1961 a phony? Will the next war scare be equally phony? Or, if not, why doesn't the Congress appropriate the money and give us a chance for our lives?

The matter has much broader reference than the fluctuations of the legislative, journalistic and public minds. After all, the President asked only for something short of $568 million for shelters, but in total military appropriations he asks for something approaching $55 billion (if all the concealed items are counted in) — and he gets it. But if Congress doesn't think we are going to be bombed, and if fallout is the least of our concerns, why such Gargantuan expenditures? Every year, ever-increasing armament bills are passed with the greatest insouciance, and with not one Congressman in ten having the least idea of what he is voting for. It would be a good idea for the Appropriations Committee to take a good, hard look at every item in the arms budget, and squeeze the water out of it just as mercilessly as it did with the shelter program. Sanity, like peace, is indivisible.

WATERING the DRUG BILL . . *by Milton Viorst*

Washington, D.C.

ON AND OFF for two and a half years, Senator Estes Kefauver, the Democratic maverick from Tennessee, shocked the nation with disclosures of dubious safety standards and scandalous profits prevalent in the drug industry. Public opinion seemed outraged at the pattern of exploitation that his investigations revealed. Yet, when a bill to correct the drug industry's abuses reaches the floor of the Senate, it will be only a shadow of the legislation that Kefauver wanted and that the public, according to two and a half years of testimony, badly needs.

The public is not unaware that existing drug laws failed to prevent an initial limited distribution, for test purposes, of thalidomide, the tranquilizer that has been shown to cause deformities in new-born children. Only the exceptional vigilance of a woman physician in the Food and Drug Administration prevented the drug's entry into the American commercial market.

The thalidomide episode compelled President Kennedy at his last news conference to announce that he would take administrative steps to prevent a recurrence. He also urged enactment of a drug-control measure stronger than the Kefauver bill. But, despite the fact that the thalidomide development has generated great public indignation, chances for passage of a strong bill are not good.

The emasculation of the Kefauver drug bill reveals major weaknesses of the Kennedy Administration—abundant in good intentions but hesitant to commit itself to controversy.

John F. Kennedy, as candidate, promised that he would appoint a Consumer Counsel in the Office of the President to watch over such matters as the price and quality of

MILTON VIORST is in the Washington Bureau of the New York Post. *His* Handbook of Liberalism *will be published in the fall.*

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drugs. The counsel's role, Kennedy said, would be to "scrutinize the activities of all governmental agencies which have a responsibility for regulating business activities in the public interest" and to represent the citizen as consumer in his dealings with Congress. "I believe," said Kennedy, the candidate, "that such a Consumer Counsel, perhaps a woman familiar with consumer problems, will be the surest safeguard of the public interest in a government where private interests are well represented."

It took Kennedy, as President, more than a year to get around to consumers again. On March 14, in his "Special Message on Protecting the Consumer Interest," he told Congress that "the federal government — by nature the highest spokesman for all the people — has a special obligation to be alert to the consumer's needs and to advance the consumer's interests." Even though the earlier reference to "private interests" was not repeated, this acknowledgement of governmental responsibility for the citizen as consumer was important. In his message, Kennedy cited some genuine achievements of the Administration, undertaken with his own Executive power; he made recommendations for legislation (none very dramatic). As for drugs, the President vaguely endorsed Kefauver's proposals for safeguarding quality, but he remained silent on the pricing question. Still, the message was a sign that the Administration's heart was with the people.

Last month, the President came through — in a fashion — on his promise to appoint a Consumer Counsel. What he appointed was a Consumers Advisory Council. The difference is significant. A Consumer Counsel would have been a responsible public official attached to the President, speaking for him, charged with representing the consumer viewpoint in Congress and throughout the federal establishment. The council that he named instead is composed of a group of citizens serving voluntarily, part-time, without specific responsibilities and charged with reporting at undesignated intervals to the Council of Economic Advisors. A long time will pass before it will be possible to determine if this advisory body, for all the public spirit and conscientiousness of its membership, can really do anything for the consumer.

AS TO drugs specifically, President Kennedy did not show the slightest interest in Kefauver's proposals during the first year of the Administration. For all Kefauver knew, he was on his own.

Then, without prior indication, the President on April 10 sent a letter to Senator Eastland, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, parent body of Kefauver's Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee. It contained enthusiastic endorsement of the Kefauver drug bill.

> S. 1552, which is now pending before your committee, incorporates the major recommendations I made [Kennedy wrote]. It will strengthen and broaden existing laws in the food and drug field, contribute toward better, safer and less expensive medicines, and establish a better system of enforcement. . . . I believe that early passage of this legislation will substantially improve the ability of the drug industry to serve the Nation and help provide consumers with quality drugs at low competitive prices.

Both Kefauver and his opponents were astonished at the President's support. In effect, it made Kefauver's proposals an "Administration bill," giving it significantly more status. For the first time, the drug measure could be taken seriously. A few optimists even thought it might pass.

After his letter, however, the President lapsed once more into silence. Myer Feldman, the White House assistant who was assigned to the bill, became immersed in the multitude of other chores that keep the President's staff busy while Congress is in session. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which normally would supply the technicians to draft much of the bill, was grudging of its time. (Many observers, in fact, suspected that Secretary Ribicoff was holding out for his own drug bill, drawn up by officials in the Food and Drug Administration.) Even more important, as it turned out, was the fact that neither the Justice Department, which is responsible for antitrust matters, nor the Commerce Department, which oversees the Patent Office, put any effort into pushing the pricing features of the Kefauver bill. Lee Loevinger, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Antitrust Division, had testified in lukewarm fashion in favor of Kefauver's pricing proposals, although he carefully refrained from endorsing the principal one: the limitation of patent rights. The Commerce Department, which functions to promote the interests of business, stayed out of the picture almost entirely.

Kefauver, none the less, persevered in refining and promoting the bill and, in May, presented a finished version to the full Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, which reported it out by a straight party vote. Democrats Kefauver, Carroll of Colorado, Hart of Michigan, Dodd of Connecticut and Long of Missouri voted in favor, while Republicans Dirksen of Illinois, Wiley of Wisconsin and Hruska of Nebraska voted against.

THE BILL enlarged the powers of government to insure the quality of manufactured drugs. It required that industry provide substantial proof of the effectiveness as well as the safety of new drugs. It set advertising standards for drugs to avoid deception of doctor and patient. And, to lower prices, it made more difficult for manufacturers evasion of antitrust statutes and reduced the patent monopoly on new drugs from seventeen to three years, requiring firms to license their drug inventions at 8 per cent royalties for the remaining fourteen years.

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After the Antitrust subcommittee, the bill went to the Judiciary Committee, where the membership make-up is far different. Eastland, one of the most conservative members of the Senate, is the chairman. Southern Democrats hold the balance of power and can, if they choose, team up with Republicans to stop any legislation they oppose. With the Republicans generally hostile to the bill, it could very well have died in the Judiciary Committee, which traditionally inters civil-rights measures but which keeps coffins available for other liberal proposals. In this case, the committee, instead of killing the bill outright, voted over Kefauver's objections to cut out the two pricing provisions. This left in the bill only its quality-control proposals.

It was at this point that one of the most controversial episodes in recent Congressional history occurred. A variety of versions of the story exist. Tempers are still high and accusations are flung freely. All parties involved have been somewhat diminished by the incident or by its consequences.

PIECING together the fragments, this is apparently what happened:

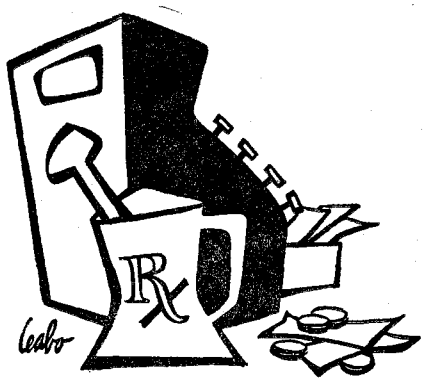
Eastland decided that, rather than bury the rest of the bill, he would take a watered-down version. After all, the American Pharmaceutical Association (A.P.A.), the drug industry's lobby, had acknowledged that more stringent safety controls were necessary. The major drug firms, in fact, regarded government enforcement of quality standards essential for keeping out fly-by-night manufacturers who could, by acting irresponsibly, bring about a major crack-down on all manufacturers. Only the American Medical Association, granddaddy of reactionary pressure groups, opposed any new regulations. Eastland chose to go along with the A.P.A. and report out a bill that would be satisfactory to the drug industry.

Eastland phoned the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and told a top official there to send a representative to negotiate with drug-industry spokesmen in an effort to find a mutually acceptable bill. Whether he spoke to Ribicoff or to Wilbur Cohen, HEW's Assistant Secretary for Legislation, is not clear. The calling in of an expert to help in the drafting of a bill is not unusual. What was peculiar in this instance was that the meeting was held behind the back of Kefauver, the Senator most directly interested in the bill, and that the Administration lent its name to the maneuver. On Friday, June 8, a young HEW technician named Jerry Sonosky met with two drug-industry lawyers whom Dirksen and Hruska certified as members of their staffs. Several other committee assistants, but no Senators, apparently were also present. Kefauver, however, had no one representing his views.

Sonosky's job was to put together the strongest possible bill that would be acceptable to the majority of the Judiciary Committee. Knowing that this majority, in effect, identified itself with the drug industry more than with the consumer, his task was not easy. The industry spokesmen had the upper hand. What emerged was a bill that retained a significant proportion, but not all, of Kefauver's original proposals for insuring high drug standards. Lacking pricing provisions entirely, the bill, once passed, would become known simply as the Drug Quality Control Act.

WHEN Kefauver found out about the "secret" meeting, he was furious. The following Monday afternoon, June 11, he stormed into the Senate chamber to charge that he had been betrayed. Though the immediate object of his wrath was Eastland, it was obvious that he and almost everyone else held John F. Kennedy guilty of complicity.

> I want to say [Kefauver stated on the floor] that this is the first time in my legislative experience that I have been working on a bill for a long, long time, a bill which the committee has been considering; a bill on which a meeting has been called to completely change it; and a [meeting] about which I had no notice and no opportunity to be present or to have anyone present at the meeting to present the arguments that I felt should be made. I was surprised and put out that I, as chief sponsor of the bill, had neither been invited to the meeting nor knew anything about it.



Eastland was unapologetic and unmoved.

> I accept full responsibility for the alleged secret meeting which the Senator from Tennessee describes [he declared]. The truth is that the Administration designated certain individuals to handle the drug bill. . . . It was my obligation to do what I think was needed to get a realistic drug program, so I asked those who represented the Administration to meet with the staff of the Judiciary Committee and to meet with the staffs of Senators who opposed the bill or who opposed parts of the bill, to see if, within the President's letter to me, we could arrive at a drug bill both healthy and wholesome, which would be a step forward. That was done. It was agreed on. I admit that I did not call in my friend from Tennessee for consultation, because I thought it would be a futile act. I did not think he would make any agreement with respect to anything.

Eastland and Kefauver, both getting help from other Senators, then proceeded to debate whether the fragments that remained continued to be the "Administration's bill." Eastland insisted that the revised bill met the thinking of the White House. He clearly implicated the President in the secret meeting and its consequences. Kefauver, playing the husband who refuses to believe he has been cuckolded, insisted on interpreting the Administration's role in the meeting as the doings of a low-level HEW official without authority. He stoutly argued that the President stood by the Kefauver bill in its original form.

To complicate the situation further, Ribicoff appeared to repudiate his department's role in amending the bill. The revised version, he told a House committee on June 19, dif-

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fers from the original "substantially enough to make us quite unhappy about it." He said the amended bill was a "mere shadow" of Kefauver's, useless for reducing drug prices. But had Sonosky seriously overstepped his authority, Ribicoff would certainly have reprimanded him; Sonosky might even have been fired. For a few days after Ribicoff's remarks, such a firing was rumored around Washington. But it never happened and Sonosky, still in his office, apparently retains the confidence of his superiors.

When the final version of the bill was brought before the Judiciary Committee for disposition, Kefauver, like every other committee member, voted for it. He lent his name to the measure, he said in the minority report, because "improvement in the quality of a product is always desirable and S.1552 should be enacted for this purpose alone." But the accomplishments of the bill, he said, are "relatively modest" and he promised to introduce on the floor a series of amendments to restore the measure to its original vigor.

As for the White House, no one will tell whether the "shadow" bill is the "Administration's bill" or not. Feldman has said nothing and Pierre Salinger, who handles official queries, says that he does not know and cannot find out. If the silence continues, Eastland will probably bring the bill to the floor, saying it is the "Administration's bill," while Kefauver fights to restore as much of the old version as he can, insisting that each amendment is an "Administration amendment."

WEIGHING the conflicting claims, the truth seems to be that the White House chose to accept an inadequate bill rather than be defeated on a better one. John F. Kennedy, the politician, knows that he must deal with the possible. It would not be possible to get a tough drug bill passed. Congress is not prepared to accept innovations such as Kefauver proposes. The emasculated bill is the best the Senate would take. And it might yet prove too good for the House.

Presumably, Kennedy could have made the drug bill an issue in the fall campaign. It would probably have been popular. Even in New York's wealthy Westchester County, according to a survey that its Congressman, Republican Robert R. Barry, took last month, an overwhelming majority favors legislation to bring down drug prices. But Kennedy has enough campaign issues. If he cannot win the people over on medicare, urban affairs, education and all the other issues on which Congress has defeated him in the past two years, the drug bill is not likely to help him. Besides, the proposal to revise the patent law would stir up powerful opposition from big business, which is committed to the defense of strong patent rights. Kennedy already has enough trouble with big business not to go out looking for more.

The drug bill, even in its amended form, will be a significant improvement over the current law. Even Kefauver admits that. The President, who has little enough to point to in legislative achievements, will be glad to take it if he can get it.

THE GREAT LEAP BACKWARD . . *by Reed J. Irvine*

AGAINST the backdrop of Communist China's current difficulties, it is ironic to recall that less than three years ago a former president of the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization, Dr. Josue de Castro, hailed China's victory over hunger as "as startling an event as the conquest of interplanetary space." Dr. de Castro was not alone in his belief that the Communists in China had achieved a miracle in food production; even more skeptical observers were so persuaded.

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It did not take long for the vastly inflated bubble of Chinese claims to burst, but it has taken a very long time for the world to realize what happened. It seems clear that in making its initial claims, the Chinese government was misled by imaginative statistics supplied from below. Subsequent developments, including drives to improve statistical reporting, support the theory that the Chinese discovered that a large part of the "big leap forward" consisted of bad statistics.

The appearance of food shortages in the spring of 1959 led to reconsideration of the official claims. However, once the grain was harvested and a large part of it was consumed, there was no way for anyone to determine with any degree of accuracy what food output in 1958 had actually amounted to. In August, 1959, the government revised the 1958 estimate downward by one-third, but this revised claim still put the 1958 output 35 per cent above that of the previous year. If true, this would still have been a tremendous increase. Chang Nai-chi, a member of the Chinese Communist Party National Committee, in a speech in the spring of 1960, clearly hinted that the actual rise probably had been closer to 10-12 per cent, thus indicating that the original estimates should have been slashed by 45 per cent rather than by a third. It is not hard to understand the reluctance of the government to admit an error of this magnitude, and Chang Nai-chi was rebuked for his statement by his colleagues (though the supply situation seemed to bear him out).

Despite increasing food shortages, it was officially claimed that food production rose by 8 per cent in 1959. Had this been true, or had

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food production been even as high as the figure claimed for the previous year, there would have been no food problem in China. The fact that there was a problem, the testimony of refugees that 1959 was not as good a year as 1958, and the fact that food-crop acreage had been deliberately reduced in 1959, all add up to a substantial *decline* in output for the year. The official 1959 claim probably exaggerated production by something in the vicinity of 40 per cent.

In making this patently inflated claim for 1959, the government pushed itself a little farther into an embarrassing situation. The contrast between official claims and reality became readily apparent to the Chinese consumer and to outside observers as 1960 wore on. A frank admission that both the 1958 and the 1959 production figures required further substantial downward revision would have been one way out of the predicament, but this would have involved an unbearable loss of face. The regime clearly lacked the courage to admit that its boasts of success for the communes, which were Mao Tse-tung's great achievement, had been ill-founded. The fact that Khrushchev had been skeptical of the communes from the outset probably did not make it any easier for Mao to admit that the results were disappointing.

THE REGIME refused to admit failure. Instead, a tremendous effort was made in the summer and fall of 1960 to stimulate farm production. *Jen-min Jih-pao,* Peking's *Pravda,* revealed in August, 1960, that millions of people from all trades and professions had undertaken to aid agriculture. The compulsory transfer of labor from urban to rural areas was one of the most significant developments in 1960 not only because it meant that the regime was obviously hoping to rescue the faltering communes, but because it meant a major shift in policy. Hitherto, the Chinese Communists had insisted on giving priority to industrial development at the expense of agriculture. Here was the beginning of a change that has since been explicitly incorporated into official doctrine.

The human side of this shift is a story that is no doubt filled with personal tragedy. How many men were torn from their families and sent to remote parts of the country, how many careers were abruptly derailed, how many hopes were shattered are details that we shall never learn. They are certainly not revealed in the Chinese press, which confined itself to such descriptions as the following account of the action taken in one area:

> Owing to the serious attitude of the party *hsien* committee, the laborers transferred are of a comparatively good quality. . . . Of the 4,967 persons transferred back to the production teams, men make up 63.5 per cent and women 36.5 per cent; 92.2 per cent have full labor power, 6.3 per cent half labor power, and 1.45 per cent auxiliary labor power. *(Jen-Min Jih-Pao,* Sept. 9, 1960.)

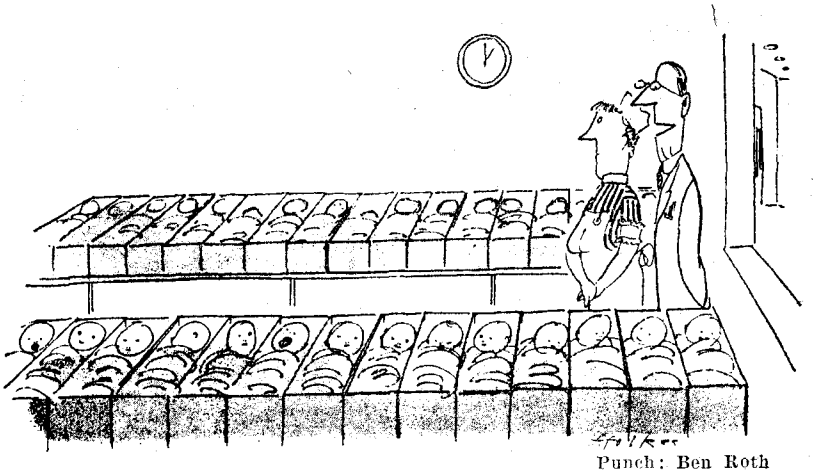
There is no Harriet Beecher Stowe in Communist China free to write a story that will tell us what these cold statistics mean in terms of the human beings involved.

DESPITE these Herculean efforts, the 1960 harvest was disappointing. Chou En-lai, with unaccustomed imprecision, revealed that the output of staple foods for the year fell somewhere between the 185 million tons claimed for 1957 and the 250 million tons claimed for 1958. It was clear, however, that the results were closer to the lower figure than to the higher. The regime blamed this poor performance on a combination of natural calamities, which it said had been the worst in the century.

There had been references to floods and drought in China during the course of the 1960 growing season, but nothing had been said prior to November, when the harvest was in, that conveyed the impression that the country had suffered any disaster of catastrophic proportions. The delay in the announcement of the disaster until November ought to have aroused suspicion about the validity of this explanation. Clearly the authorities were using the story to explain why production was perhaps 30 per cent lower than the amount claimed in the previous year. Since the previous claims had undoubtedly been grossly exaggerated, the magnitude of the disaster was similarly exaggerated. Had the calamities been as great as they were said to be, production would have fallen far below the 1957 level and China would have been in the grip of a devastating famine.

The food shortage did not reach these proportions in either 1960 or 1961. Problems of supply evidently became more acute, but they were not so critical as to result in mass starvation. The harvest in 1961 was again disappointing. The regime again blamed natural disasters for the poor crops, but it has never revealed just how poor the crops actually were. This suggests that there was little, if any, improvement over the previous year.

This probably means that mainland China produced no more food last year than in 1957. With population increasing by perhaps 12 million a year, there are now 60 million more mouths to feed. It is as though China had undertaken the task of supplying the food requirement of a nation larger than the United Kingdom without any increase in production. Here, and not in natural



Punch: Ben Roth

"I'll bet they've got their hands full in Peking!"

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disaster, lies the real explanation of the Chinese food crisis. This is not to deny that in recent years the climatic conditions in China may have been something less than ideal. However, the ideal years, such as 1958, must be expected to be the exception rather than the rule.

ACTIONS speak louder than words, and the admission that agricultural policies were responsible for the lag in output came through loud and clear in late 1960 and 1961. The retreat from the commune system began in 1960, when authority and responsibility for agricultural planning and production were transferred from the commune to what is known as the "production brigade" (the brigades comprise several hundred households, whereas the communes embrace thousands). A further step toward decentralization was effected in November, 1960, when substantial power and responsibility were taken from the brigade and given to the next lower echelon, the production team, which generally consists of twenty to thirty households. The teams were assigned fixed amounts of land, fixed quantities of tools and draft animals, and fixed amounts of labor. They were allowed to cultivate waste land, raise livestock and engage in other subsidiary production, and they were allowed to keep the bulk of the proceeds from such activities for their own use. The devolution process was carried one step further in January, 1962, when the teams were given responsibility for planning production and marketing their produce.

This decentralization meant that there was little substance left in the commune system. The communal mess halls were given a quiet burial sometime in May or June of 1961, with no public ceremony. Human nature had won out over Chairman Mao's great innovation.

Other significant reforms introduced in 1961 were the permitting of peasants to cultivate small private plots and to use the produce or dispose of it as they wished, and allowing free markets at rural fairs. These steps enabled both individuals and production teams to find profitable markets for that part of their output not taken by the state.

In the absence of reliable statistics, it is impossible to measure accurately China's food shortage. The shortage has been evident since the summer of 1959. Officially, rations have not been scaled downward in recent years, but it is impossible to say how well the commitments are honored. There have been campaigns in the past aimed at persuading people to consume less than their rations. Ration tickets have been known to be invalidated, and the length of queues can be a factor in regulating the amount of goods consumed. The flow of food packages mailed by residents of Hong Kong to their relatives and friends on the mainland gives some indication that the food situation worsened in the last quarter of 1961 and the first quarter of 1962. Some 3.8 million two-pound parcels of food were mailed in the first quarter of this year, a 50 per cent increase over the same period the previous year.

HOWEVER, the refugees who fled to Hong Kong when the bars dropped in May of this year did not indicate that the food situation had seriously worsened in recent months. Rather, they were reported to have been motivated by fear that the situation would deteriorate sharply in the months ahead and that starvation was in store for those who remained in China. It is not yet clear what inspired this belief in so many thousands of people. There is no indication that either calamitous droughts or floods are wreaking havoc in the countryside (though as usual some areas are suffering from one or the other). In general, weather conditions are reported to be more favorable than they have been in recent years. Imports of grain from abroad are continuing on a very large scale. Some 6 million tons of grain were imported in 1961, and purchases this year will probably amount to 5 million tons. These imports impose a heavy drain on China's reserves of foreign exchange, and it is difficult to see how it can be continued for very long. However, for this year, at least, there will be substantial net food imports.

Perhaps the Chinese people fear famine because they sense that the backtracking on agricultural policy has not yet gone far enough to cure the malaise in the rural areas. It is evident that agricultural production is much too complex to be efficiently planned and managed bureaucratically. The devolution of responsibility to the production teams may successfully overcome some of the problems created by excessive centralization of the decision-making process, although continuing discussion in the Chinese press about the division of responsibility between teams and brigades indicates that the new system is not yet working with satisfactory smoothness.

Moreover, decision-making was only one of the weaknesses of the commune system. Even more important is the matter of individual incentive. It seems likely that the decentralization process will have to go much further than it has up to now if the incentives of the Chinese peasant are to be rekindled. Sharing responsibility and income in a group consisting of twenty-five to thirty households is not likely to bring out the drive and sacrifice that is required to maximize labor productivity.

Morale in the country has been seriously lowered. The production teams are reported to have problems in getting peasants to undertake heavy work. The problem of assigning work points on the basis of the quality as well as the quantity of labor has yet to be satisfactorily solved. The practice of valuing all labor identically is reported to have reduced the incentive to develop skills, much to the detriment of productivity. The problem is probably intensified by the transfer of so many city-dwellers, unskilled in agriculture, to the rural areas. Their productivity is low, but they have to be fed. This situation is reflected in reports of teams failing in assigned tasks while using far more than the planned amount of labor.

THE SHORTAGE of consumer goods has evidently dampened the enthusiasm of peasants as well as workers for increased labor. This has led the regime to revise its former emphasis on heavy industry. It now places great stress on developing light industry and agriculture in order to satisfy consumer demand.

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However, industry is also experiencing severe difficulties. Raw-material shortages have forced the curtailment of industrial operations and plant shutdown in many cases. It is increasingly evident that the transfer of workers from industry to agriculture was prompted more by the emergence of redundant labor in industry than by the desire to help agricultural production. The Chinese press has in recent months strongly urged greater effort to economize on labor in industry and construction, attacking, among other things, a tendency to hoard admittedly excess labor against the day when it may again be needed.

The Chinese now clearly recognize that agriculture must be revived and developed before they can get very far with industrialization. They now refer to a "long-term process" rather than an evolution that can be accomplished in one or two "great leaps." However, nothing in the Communist record in the agricultural field in China or elsewhere provides ground for optimism about the ability of the present regime to develop a strong and flourishing agricultural base. The voices of those who so enthusiastically hailed the victory over hunger and the dawn of a bright new epoch on the basis of exaggerated reports of a single harvest have long been silent. They have been replaced by more somber tones such as those emanating from China's Vice-Premier, Chen Yi, who on the eve of the May Day celebrations in Peking stated that the Chinese people are soberly aware that their country is culturally backward and economically poor and that it will take several decades of bitter struggle to turn China into an advanced, prosperous and powerful Socialist country.

The question is, how do the Chinese peasants and workers, who so recently were promised the imminent dawn of the millenium, reconcile themselves to this gloomy prospect? Perhaps the answer is found in the inundation of Hong Kong by 60,000 refugees last May.

THE KENNEDY CULT . . *by Sister Mary Paul Paye*

THE GENTLEMAN smiles, the youngster sidles up to a pony on the lawn, the lovely lady bows. Cameras click, tape-machines whirl, and the American public is exposed again to that dangerous phenomenon: the personality cult of the President. I protest — vehemently, vigorously, apolitically and almost alone.

Three threats are inherent in this constant projection of the personal image of the President: the suppression or the obscuring of significant news; the amassing by the President of personal power; and — most insidious of all—the irrational world-wide identification of him with the country as a whole. We all — mass media and mass audience — could well pause to assess the ramifications of what less sophisticated societies termed hero worship, a phenomenon that, in our own electronic age, has become both more complex and more potent.

Because of the cult of personality, to the average man everywhere Mr. Kennedy has become synonymous with the United States; his victories are American victories; his health, American health; his smile, his family, his hobbies, his likes and dislikes, become symbolic of the country. And the danger of this equation is that should the President fail, then the country fails; should he make a mistake, the country errs.

This identification of the nation with its Chief of State was clearly evident at the time of President Roosevelt's election for the third and fourth terms, and also at the time of his death in office. It was evident when Mr. Eisenhower suffered a heart attack. As a single recent example, it was militantly apparent when Mr. Kennedy addressed the assembled nations of the world at the U.N.

A President is not the country. Mr. Kennedy is not the United States. If he should fail, as well he may, the country will not disintegrate. But if the personality cult continues, if it increases during coming administrations, it will be very difficult to convince the people of that fact. And in the measure that the cult grows, the tendency will grow stronger to elect Presidents not on the basis of reason, but on the basis of the emotional pull the candidates engender.

A combination of causes has conspired to bring the personality cult to full strength in the current decade. Experts agree that changes in American society have made it necessary for a Presidential candidate to appeal directly and personally to the mass of politically unaligned voters; thus, when elected, he can maintain a certain independence vis-à-vis his party. The trend, in other words, is away from government by party toward government by a personalized Presidency. Mr. Kennedy has exploited this tendency to a greater degree than any of his predecessors. Unlike Mr. Eisenhower, for instance, he uses the mass media directly to project his personality to the people; and to the degree that he appoints non-political men to decision-making offices, he stifles the political personalities of others.

It's time to examine the effect of this situation upon the collective public mind.

THE President and his family are naturals for publicity, and journalists have not been slow to exploit the color, the drama, the human appeal that emanate from the White House. No day passes without the appearance of some news or feature about the Kennedy clan, and while I admit that some of the items revealed are interesting or amusing, much is of

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questionable value. In this category fall recently published articles on the following subjects: the President's preferences in clothes (illustrated, with sizes and patterns); the man who "trims" the President, the barber; the life in the White House of the puppy sent to Mrs. Kennedy by Khrushchev; the President's salary and his budget ("He and Jacqueline are determined to get along on his Presidential pay—of course, they don't *have* to" is the tagline on this). On a slightly higher level are scores of articles like those about the trips abroad by Robert and Mrs. Kennedy, the plans for refurnishing the White House, the cultural interests of the family, the entertainment of distinguished guests (down even to the kind of napkin-folding employed at the White House dinner parties).

Galleys of type and yards of picture spreads about the birthdays of the children, the social affairs of the First Lady, the horsemanship of a sister, the recreational habits of the Attorney General's family, feed the public's desire to know all about the White House inhabitants. Everything goes to deepen the cult.

THAT the mass media should so exploit the President and his family for circulation purposes is serious enough. But I submit that even more dangerous implications arise: the danger of the imbalance of news. In newspapers and on the air, time and space are limited and every inclusion means a corresponding exclusion. Important events and decisions may well be obscured in the welter of feature material. And, even when significant news is reported, as prisoners of the cult we may be tempted to overlook it. Readers, too, are pressed for time; and too often they prefer to be amused rather than informed. Who doesn't gravitate toward the human-interest story, perhaps to the neglect of the duller but more significant news?

The Christmas illness of the President's father is an example. Is it heartless to suggest that the event was woefully overplayed, that the international involvements of the United States became no less worthy of reporting because the elderly Mr. Kennedy had suffered a stroke? A spot check of newspapers reveals that the Kennedy story crowded out, in many cases, the following important international developments: Nehru's stand on Goa, and Tshombe and the Katanga peace talks. Most papers gave "number one" treatment to the President's talks with Prime Minister Macmillan. But because of the emphasis that had been placed upon the father's illness, is it unreasonable to suggest that for many Americans the vision of the "anxious son" in conference became more important than the conference itself?

This is no imputation of machination or of deliberate preying upon public sentiment by the President or his associates. It exemplifies, rather, the furtherance of the cult through circumstances beyond the President's control. But whatever the cause, the effect is the displacement, or downgrading, of significant events.

Stemming from this overemphasis on personality is the danger of the amassing of personal power. A grievous error was made in the American press regarding Fidel Castro, who survived in the media as a hero for a rather long period. If the same kind of mistake had been made by the American people in selecting President Kennedy, how long would it have taken for the media's projection to reverse itself and present the true picture? But such a situation, you will say, could never arise in a democracy.

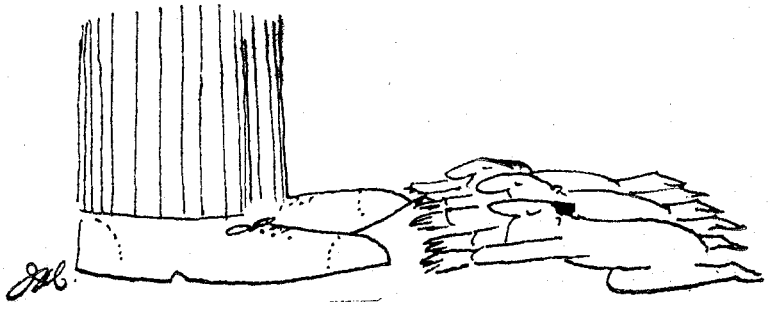
Or could it? As President, F.D.R. had a powerful impact upon the public. He was able to bring about action which would have been rejected if proposed by another; his personal magnetism obtained agreement to treaties and policies which were greeted with cheers when they should have been examined critically and unemotionally. The same was true during the Eisenhower administration, when the public repeatedly absolved the President of responsibility in actions for which he should have been held to some degree accountable.

For the sake of argument, I am willing to concede that President Kennedy will never consciously be guilty of duplicity or of evil or even of error. But even in argument it must be admitted that he will act. His actions should not be judged emotionally, but on the basis of reason.

WHILE the political trend may be toward a personalized Presidency, with the substitution of career experts for politicians in key positions, certain facts are still true. No individual is capable of managing all aspects of government. The nation and the cult to the contrary, there are other politicians whose opinions and actions are essential. Truth is not served, nor the common good, if these men are not adequately reported by the mass media.

This is not to imply that the press is in any danger of approving all President Kennedy's proposals. But the media may cast a cloak of oblivion over political figures who in other times would be prominent in the public eye. Granted that the President makes decisions and that the decisions are news; others make decisions, too, or have opinions worthy of publication. Now, as elections draw near, other politicians do capture a share of publicity, but the Kennedys obtrude successfully even here.

Since 1960, probably the only politician who competed noticeably with Mr. Kennedy for publicity was the late Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn. During his illness, he briefly captured the spotlight on the national stage; daily bulletins, eulogies, reviews and features about his impressive public record had prime coverage. But he was dying, and



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then dead, and the divided waters of the cult converged again upon Mr. Kennedy. Strong words, I admit, in a situation in which it is difficult to be objective. But they emphasize the extent of the monopoly and the readiness of the press and the public to accept it.

The cult has its causes in current social and political trends. It is caught in a conveyor belt: the supply increases the demand and the demand increases the supply. Pressures far removed from politics further it, for it is influenced by insecurity, by the anonymity of the man in the crowd, the public desire for status — even if vicarious.

The cult is dangerous because it seems as innocent as a baby's picture, as simple as a man's smile, because it is public and yet unseen. Even if events conspire so that no limitation of freedom occurs because of it, it is still an appalling trend; for it is symptomatic of an American disease: mental apathy.

The best defense against it is awareness, by the President, the public, the press. The White House — elections or no elections — should guard itself more stringently against frivolous reporting. Editors and program directors should weigh news and features for inherent value. And the American people — all of us — should be aware that we are beginning to respond to the Chief of State as we have responded to movie stars — and as other nations have responded to their monarchs. Adulation of a monarch or a star may be permissible; similar treatment of a President, considering the power he wields, can never be.

Taxation With Misrepresentation . . *by R. Peter Straus*

AT THE Constitutional Convention of New York State in 1894, the hall rang repeatedly with a peculiar kind of rhetoric. "A sewer of ignorance and corruption," was the phrase of one rural delegate as he spoke of the people of New York City. "The average citizen of *rural* New York," said another delegate from the countryside, "is superior in intelligence, morality and self-government." The people of the big city, chimed in still another spokesman for the upstate counties, "are unfit for citizenship."

Just what brought forth all this solemn abuse from the great pasture-lands of New York State, directed at the entire population of what was already the greatest city in the land? It was all pretty simple. New York City in 1894 was growing faster than ever before or since in its history. The imminent consolidation of the five counties posed the prospect of a single municipality which might soon have a clear majority of all the people in the state. Now, while rural delegates still had the power to write the rules of government, was the time to make sure that the big city could never control the state through the immense voting strength of its great and growing population.

Into the state constitution went the entire apparatus of discrimination against New York City which operates to this day. On their face, the 1894 provisions for apportioning the two-chamber Legislature appear quite innocent. The chief guarantee of upstate rule in the Assembly (the lower house), for example, is the requirement that every county except two have at least one seat all to itself. This is coupled with a limitation of the chamber to exactly 150 seats. By the time upstate counties having fifteen, twenty or thirty thousand people get *their* seats, a fairly high proportion is accounted for. The remainder are then apportioned as additional seats for the bigger counties according to population, and New York City gets the lion's share of these. But it's too late at that stage to disturb the rural voting power in the chamber created by all those single seats assigned to upstate counties with a third, a fifth and even a tenth the population of an Assembly district in New York City. Similar rules laid down in 1894 insure that Senate districts in the city encompass far more people than those upstate, thus guaranteeing upstate control of the upper house as well.

After nearly seventy years, discrimination against New York City requires no special effort on the part of the rural power in Albany when, after each federal census, the time comes to reapportion. The rules are all laid out in the constitution. The mandate is clear. If the upstate majority in the Legislature were to delegate its apportioning powers to Mayor Wagner himself, there is no way in which he could give New York City a stronger voice in the state body than it now gets.

OVER the years, this over-representation of upstate New York has hurt the city in many ways. What might be called the dollar-gap in the flow of funds to and from Albany is easily the most irritating issue. New York City, with its highly taxable big corporations and the highly taxable incomes of its executives and white-collar workers, supplies well over half the revenues of the state. When the state gets around to spending its money, however, only a relatively small share of its great annual largesse to local communities trickles back across the city line.

Just as in the case of apportionment itself, the discrimination against the city in state aid is based in every case on formulas which have an apparent foundation in equity. Take, for example, the vexing matter of aid to education. School aid is a function not only (in direct proportion) of a community's public-school attendance but (inversely) of the assessed valuation of its real estate. Real estate is made a factor on the grounds that communities with relatively high total assessments are in a better position to support their schools by local taxes than those whose total assessments are low. In effect, this means that, over a long period of years, New York

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City—whose assessable real estate is of course enormous—has averaged barely a quarter out of every dollar of state aid to education, even though well over a third of the public-school students in the state have lived in New York City.

The situation of the big-city voters in New York State is not unique. Atlanta, Los Angeles, Baltimore and many other metropolitan centers have suffered even more severe discrimination. For years, municipal leaders around the country hopefully studied the clause in the United States Constitution which says, "No state shall deny . . . to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Could a city voter, say in New York, persuade a federal court that he's denied this protection when he's required by law to share his Assemblyman with ten times as many people as a voter upstate?

For a long time the answer to that seemed to be "no." In 1946, the Supreme Court had ruled that federal justice has no authority over the apportioning of seats in Congress. And lower courts had inferred from this that they had no jurisdiction over the apportionment of state legislatures.

TWO YEARS ago, however, the Supreme Court heard a complaint that the State of Alabama had reapportioned a largely Negro legislative district in such a way as to scatter the voting power of its residents. The Court held this to be in effect a denial of voting rights on racial grounds and thus a violation of the Fifteenth Amendment. If New York City were populated entirely by Negroes, an appeal for better representation in Albany might have been made to the federal courts directly on the strength of that decision. Ironically enough, the fact that most New Yorkers are white almost seemed a handicap. For the Fifteenth Amendment, which specifically bars *racial* discrimination among voters, says nothing about *regional* discrimination.

Nevertheless, the Alabama case opened the way towards relief for the racially-undistinguished city voter, for it did establish the right of federal courts to review the apportionment of legislatures—and that was half the battle. The other half, of course, was to show that the attrition of his franchise by unequal apportionment of the Legislature did deprive him of a specific right guaranteed by the Constitution. Obviously, if a case were to be made, it would have to be built upon the Fourteenth Amendment and its guarantee of "the equal protection of the laws." And in many states city voters have gone into federal courts to make precisely that case.

ONE CASE which was watched throughout the country was *Baker v. Carr* in Tennessee, where the Legislature had not been reapportioned in sixty years. Rapidly growing big cities like Nashville still had the slim representation allotted them in another century. By contrast, rural counties whose populations once were large and today were nearly nil, still had long rows of seats in the Legislature granted under an ancient dispensation.

Baker and his fellow plaintiffs in Nashville lost in the lower court, the judges holding under old precedents that apportionment was a "political matter" and beyond the jurisdiction of the courts. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, which granted two hearings in 1961. At the suggestion of Max Gross, a former New York City Councilman, radio station WMCA in New York City, which had actively editorialized on city and state affairs for many years, asked its legal counsel, Leonard Sand, to study the case. That was more than a year before the Supreme Court ruled on *Baker v. Carr*.

Sand concluded that the arguments of the Tennessee city voters were strong and likely to prevail. Radio station WMCA then decided that the facts of apportionment in the Legislature of New York lent themselves readily to a parallel action. On May 1, 1961, the radio station filed a complaint before a three-judge federal court. It charged that the New York State constitution creates great inequalities of representation among the regions of the state, that these inequalities work to the great advantage of the rural counties upstate and to the great disadvantage of the four major counties within New York City as well as the big suburban counties of Nassau and Suffolk.

The complaint showed that the twelve Assemblymen from the Bronx represent nearly four times as many people as the twelve Assemblymen from the state's smallest districts—all upstate. The complaint also showed that the average Bronx state Senator represents 344,000 people in contrast to thirty upstate Senators who represent an average of 195,000. And, along with similar citations for the city's other major counties, it showed comparable figures for the relative under-representation of Nassau and Suffolk. In its presentation to the court, radio station WMCA also demonstrated a continuous pattern of discrimination by the Legislature against New York City in the disposal of state money, a pattern attributed at least in part to the enfeeblement of the city's voting power in the body.

The station itself joined in the complaint as a taxpayer in the underrepresented city. So, too, did six members of the station, all volunteers, who live respectively in Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, Nassau and Suffolk. The volunteers included both Republicans and Democrats.

IN THE lower court, the radio station's complaint never got a hearing on the facts. The judges accepted jurisdiction, but then held that, whatever the facts, "equal protection of the laws" could have no bearing on the apportioning of a legislature so long as there was no racial or religious discrimination. That was last November. Radio station WMCA announced it would appeal to the Supreme Court, and did so early this year.

In March, before the Supreme Court had taken any action in the WMCA case, it ruled on *Baker v. Carr*. In a historic decision, it declared that "equal protection" of all voters is required in the apportioning of legislatures. It reversed the lower court in Tennessee and ordered it to rehear the case and this time to take appropriate action.

On June 11, 1962, the Supreme Court—as was to be expected—ordered a new hearing to be held in the lower courts on the WMCA com-

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plaint. The hearing began last week, with New York City entering the case in support of the radio station's allegations.

From Governor Nelson Rockefeller, just a month ago, came an indication of the position the state will take. At this precise moment in history, the Governor pointed out, New York City is better represented in Albany than at any other time in this century. And that is true.

Here is what has happened. Under the 1950 census, New York City had 52 per cent of the people of the state. In 1953, the Legislature was reapportioned on the basis of that census, according to the 1894 formulas. And, as usual, New York City went into the Legislature at a substantial discount. With 52 per cent of the people of the state, it received 43 per cent of the votes in the Senate and Assembly.

Since 1953, however, New York City's population has declined sharply in comparison to the total population of the state. Right now, only 46 per cent of the people of the state live in the five boroughs. And the city still has the 43 per cent share in the Legislature granted in 1953. That, as the Governor suggests, is not too far from being fair.

THE only trouble is that New York City can't hang onto that 43 per cent. The Legislature must, by law, be reapportioned soon in the light of the 1960 census. And, when the formulas created back in '94 are applied to New York City's present 46 per cent of the state's population, the city's share of seats will shrink to barely 37 per cent. In other words, nearly half of all the people in the state will be represented by little more than a third of the Legislature.

In defending the current system of apportionment, the Governor is also fond of pointing to the United States Senate, where Alaska's 200,000 people have the same two votes as New York's 16 million. But it's hard to see how the malapportionment of *one* house of Congress justifies the malapportionment of *both* houses of the New York Legislature. In point of fact, of course, the grossly undemocratic principle of representation in the U.S. Senate was a price which had to be paid in 1787 in order to have any union at all. The smaller states simply refused to come in on any other terms. That does not make it right, however, and as Governor of the state most damaged by this unalterable arrangement, Mr. Rockefeller seems an odd person to suggest that a similar inequity is just what is needed in the Legislature with which he must work.

R. Peter Straus

In doing so, of course, the Governor is open to the charge of playing party politics with the rights of voters in New York City, and Democrats are sure to make that charge very energetically this fall. Upstate New York is one of the most solid Republican strongholds in America. New York City is just as solidly Democratic. With upstate's artificially enhanced voting strength in the Legislature has gone an almost invincible GOP control. In twenty-four of the past forty years, New York State has had a Democratic Governor; but in only two of those years did the Democrats control the Legislature. There can be no doubt that an indirect consequence of the 1894 state constitution was to give the Republican Party a virtually perpetual control of the lawmaking power of the State. As a Republican, Mr. Rockefeller is therefore under strong party pressures not to meddle with the *status quo*. By the same token, at a time when New York City is genuinely aroused over the inequities of apportionment, he has chosen to carry what might prove a heavy burden in his campaign this fall to get the necessary minimum of downstate votes for his own re-election to office.

Time is running out on the upstate empire created so long ago. During all that time, most people in New York City accepted their diminished voice in the affairs of the state as something which could not be helped. They looked not to Albany, but to City Hall or Washington, for most of the services and occasionally the leadership they associate with government. And, if once a year they had to file an income-tax return to the state, they did so after filing a federal return that made the state's comparatively modest check almost painless.

NO LONGER is this true. The state budget has grown enormously, and most of us see that fact reflected in our diminished weekly pay checks. More and more people in the big city would like to see what their money is buying. They are increasingly responsive to city-based politicians who point to the repeated failure of the state government to give their problems and their needs the same tender, loving care which is now reserved for the other half of the people of the state. They wonder, too, why their own community, which supplies so large a part of the state's tax revenues, should be left without the means of raising adequate revenues for its own far more demanding program of public services. And, finally, they are soon apt to get aroused by the fundamental act of discrimination out of which all others flow: apportionment itself.

It may be a long time before the Supreme Court disposes of the final appeal from the final hearing in the final state on the kind of legal contest in which radio station WMCA is now engaged. But by then the amount of public pressure on a national, state and local level which will have been brought to bear on this basic issue of democracy—is one man's vote as good as another's?—is bound to overcome, in or out of court, the cynical handiwork of the men of '94.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

First Perspective on Pasternak

THE PASTERNAK AFFAIR: Courage of Genius, A Documentary Report. By Robert Conquest. J. B. Lippincott Co. 192 pp. $3.95.

Sidney Monas

IT IS NOW almost six years since the publication of *Doctor Zhivago* in the West, and two years since the death of its author, but that extraordinary series of events we refer to as "the Pasternak affair" has by no means come to an end. Seldom has a purely literary work, a novel, entered so directly, so obviously, so dramatically into the political-ideological main stream of its time.

Robert Conquest's intelligent, terse, well-documented summary, which recapitulates everything of importance from the circumstances under which Pasternak wrote the novel, through the Nobel Prize scandal to the author's death and the trial of Olga Ivinskaia and her daughter the following year, is therefore a most welcome and timely book, and enables us to view the affair, if not in an ultimate, at least in a lucid, perspective. The book is a "documentary report," abundant in quotations, with the major Soviet documents included as appendices. Conquest is, of course, making a "case"; but in doing so, he is very precise in his references, modest and restrained. And the documents are there to speak most eloquently for themselves.

One can, I think, discard as a relic of the Stalinist past the cheap invective of the professional youth-leader Semichastny, who compared Pasternak unfavorably to a pig. Someone pushed a lever; that was the way the machine had been set up, and this was what came out. More interesting is the rumor circulating among the literary bureaucracy (though not yet in print) that this kind of handling of the affair was a "mistake." The Pasternak that emerges from Radio Moscow's account of the Ivinskaia trial (January 21 and 27, 1961, in Italian; there was no Russian broadcast) is something quite different: a naive man led astray in his old age by a scheming adventuress. Softly, so as not to arouse the embers of recent memory, an attempt is being made to separate the "great poet"—the earlier, now at last respectable, Pasternak—from the author of *Doctor Zhivago.*

EVEN more interesting is the letter written by the editorial board of the journal *Novy Mir* to Pasternak, rejecting the novel. The letter was published two years after Pasternak received it—at the height, that is, of the Nobel Prize denunciations. Preceded by a note couched in the rhetoric of the time (the Nobel committee was being accused of a political decision, influenced by pressure from America, especially from that capitalist journal *The Nation;* the vilest names were being hurled at Pasternak), the letter itself does not share this tone. At least two of its authors were writers of "liberal" tendency. Repeatedly it states that *Zhivago* is being rejected on political-ideological, not on aesthetic, grounds: "As people whose standpoint is diametrically opposed to yours, we naturally believe that it is out of the question to publish your novel. . . ." Naturally. But are Pasternak's views really "diametrically opposed" to theirs?

Quite rightly, the editors of *Novy Mir* associate Pasternak's "nonacceptance" of the Bolshevik revolution with his glorification of the individual. They accuse him of lacking a clear conception of "the interests of the people as a whole." They attack Zhivago's "self-glorification of his psychic essence, taken to the length of identifying it with the mission of a religious prophet." It is not merely that Pasternak has created an apolitical—indeed, an anti-political hero, a symbol of the old Russian intelligentsia: the letter actually affirms the historical validity of Zhivago—but that he has used all his eloquence to dramatize Zhivago "as the cream of the intelligentsia rather than its disease," that he has written a "political novel-sermon par excellence" and has identified himself (a man they would prefer to respect) with the figure of his hero. The editorial board would have found Zhivago's joining the Whites more acceptable, more truly noble, than his "arrogant" psychic detachment. That would be a standpoint less "diametrically opposed" to theirs. Confidence comes more easily in a world where everyone who is not with you is clearly against you.

The letter quotes extensive passages from the novel. Except for some of the

SIDNEY MONAS is the author of Third Section: Police and Society in Russia Under Nicholas I *(Harvard University Press). He is now completing a book on the image of the family in Russian literature from Pushkin to Pasternak.*

Gracie Square

Swelling like puffballs, the pigeons in the park
Clutter and rustle and murmur
to the two men sitting on the iron bench.
Hidden behind their newspapers as usual,
Stolid as stone statues they blur
So comfortably into their natural environment
Nobody notices them, as they do not notice
The child sitting with them in the park.

The child is playing with the pigeons and the leaves.
One man turns a page.
The other man turns on his portable radio,
Puts on his hat and goes to sleep.
But the pigeons are beginning to fly away,
And the child, wondering where they will go,
Picks up a leaf and holds it in his hand
Delicately, as if it were a puffball or a pigeon.

In the late sunlight the leaves are falling,
Out on the river the tug-boats wail
And finally the men wake up.
They do not speak to each other or the child,
One of them hails a bus
But misses it. They walk out side by side
Dropping their newspapers to the ground as casually
As the leaves around them are falling.

Patricia Goedicke

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poems at the end, they are the only ones in the book to have appeared in print in the Soviet Union. Chosen with considerable skill, the quotations make it possible to derive an inkling of what the novel is about, and the hullabaloo as well. Here are some of the most significant of these, the first coming from Zhivago's Uncle Nikolai, the next three from Zhivago himself:

> The herd instinct is the refuge of mediocre people. . . . Truth is sought after only by isolated individuals, and they break with all who do not love it enough. . . .
>
> A man is born to live, not to prepare to live, and life as such, the phenomenon of life, the gift of life, is so thrilling and serious! Why then substitute for this a puerile farce of adolescent contrivances, these Chekhovian children's flights to America.
>
> Marxism and science? . . . Marxism is too poor a master of itself to be a science. A science is balanced. Marxism and objectivity? I know of no teaching that is more isolated in itself and more divorced from reality than Marxism.
>
> Transformation of life! That can only be talked of by people who don't know life, even if they have seen a lot of it—by people who haven't felt its spirit, its soul. To them, existence is a lump of coarse material which has not been enobled by their touch and which requires fashioning. But life has never been a material, a substance. If you want to know, life is a constantly self-renewing, self-transforming category. It is constantly refashioning and realizing itself and it is far above our boneheaded theories.

Then there are the following lines quoted from Zhivago's poem, "The Garden of Gethsemane," in which Christ is the speaker:

> To my court of judgment, like a convoy of barges,
> The centuries will float out of the darkness. . . .

PASTERNAK'S attitude, as expressed in these quotations, is first of all religious; that is, pious toward life. I suspect it is more pagan than Christian, but related in spirit to a particular tradition of Christianity, the Johannine, which sees the world as the creation of God and therefore sacred. It is not, however, the religion of an organized church. It is not, in its implications, politically conservative as more organized systems of religious belief tend to be; but it is, in a sense, anti-revolutionary. It is certainly anti-doctrinaire, and rejects the assumption that Bolshevik doctrine provides its believers with a unique insight into "the interests of the people as a whole."

Against the notion of "transforming life," Pasternak's standpoint poses an idea of "natural process," democratic in its implications, without attaching a positive value to democracy as such. It is tolerant, and highly individualistic, in a sense different from the "rugged individualism" and "self-fulfillment" Americans like to think they live with. For Pasternak, fulfillment comes only through a sacrifice of the self to the historic human community.

History for Pasternak is the history of man's inner life, and the expression of that inner life in art, philosophy, science and religion. A society or an epoch is to be judged, therefore, not by the naked physical power it has managed to organize, nor by its external standard of living, but by its inner wealth. Such a notion was by no means foreign to some of the early Bolsheviks. Trotsky, for example, wrote that a historical era must ultimately be judged by the works of art that it produces. Lunacharsky, in his dimmer way, shared this view; so, probably, did Lenin. But it *is* "diametrically opposed" to Stalin's notion of artists as engineers of human souls or transmission belts in the machinery of production. Political power and economic affluence are not irrelevant to the inner life; but they are not its point. For Pasternak-Zhivago, Christ is the symbol of the inner life, and it is therefore before Him that the centuries pass in judgment, and not before the idols of power and plenty.

HESITANTLY, the editors of *Novy Mir* testify to the beauty of those passages in *Doctor Zhivago* which describe landscape or nature. Nevertheless, they would like to dismiss them as ornament —at best, tokens of the power of a fallen angel. But I think these passages are the very heart of the novel; along with the poems, they rescue it from being a "novel-sermon," for it is through his apprehension of the physical world and through his poems that we come to know that Zhivago's piety toward life is genuinely felt and not merely talked about. These passages convey Zhivago's character, as distinct from his views, and serve to convince us that he lives in the real world, whereas Komarovsky

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MACMILLAN

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lives in the mirror of his vanity and Antipov-Strelnikov lives in an idea.

Much of Pasternak's earlier work is difficult and elliptical. But it does not bear out the contention of the *Novy Mir* editors that he once had different views. In what seems to me far and away the best essay on Pasternak that has appeared to date in any language, Helen Muchnic (*From Gorky to Pasternak,* Random House, 1961, pp. 341-404) has clearly demonstrated the coherence of Pasternak's work as a whole. In Conquest's book as well, there are quotations from Pasternak dating back to the thirties that sound as though they came from Zhivago's lips. Pasternak's talent — which commands respect both within and outside the Soviet Union—cannot ultimately be separated from his "standpoint."

The Pasternak affair has occurred at a time of deep ideological crisis in the Communist world, comparable, it seems to me, to the religious crisis of Western Europe at the end of the fifteenth century. The position of intelligent men of good will who are at the same time genuine Communists is a difficult one. The simple authority, within and without, of Stalin's time is no more. As Abram Tertz has put it, "Once you admit that God sinned carelessly with Eve and sent Adam off to labor at land reclamation, the story of the Creation falls apart. Not much is left of the faith." It is still not easy to tolerate real dissidence. The old discipline has many advantages; violating it involves many risks. Publish an Erasmus, and who knows when a Luther will appear? In our world, it isn't easy to be a humanist. On the other hand, it becomes more difficult to remain a doctrinaire.

Behind the Struggle

THE DAYBOOKS OF EDWARD WESTON. Volume I: *Mexico.* Edited, with an introduction, by Nancy Newhall. Foreword by Beaumont Newhall. The George Eastman House; distributed by Wittenborn and Company. 214 pp. $10.

Hilton Kramer

THERE IS a scene in George P. Elliott's new novel, *David Knudsen,* in which the hero, who has vague ambitions to become a photographer, is taken by his father to visit Edward Weston. Knudsen's interest is in documentary, and he regards Weston, then an ailing old man living out his last years in California, as "the archenemy, the antidocumentary, the old formalist himself. . . ." While Weston is looking over young Knudsen's photographs, the latter recognizes that the judgment of "this feeble old man, this formalist with a social conscience the size of a pea," will none the less count for something important. He is exhilarated when Weston finds something good to say about his work.

The ambivalent respect that this fictional episode pays to Weston's achievement as a photographer sums up a great deal of current feeling about his style and vision. There are critics and photographers who find Weston's photographs unbearably arty and cold. The attention he lavished on inanimate objects is repellent to the kind of mind that values photography as, above all, a means of confronting and recording human beings and their social environment. Weston's tendency to deal with living organisms (human beings included) as if they *were* inanimate objects amounts at times to an obsession, but it is the obsession of a serious artist wholly committed to apprehending experience in his own special way. Like many such artists, Weston rarely allowed his attention to be deflected by anything that didn't "fit" his particular *Gestalt.* He was obviously more at ease with open, spacious landscapes and with isolated details of nature, which could be seen as discrete objects, than with complicated human subjects. He had an imagist's eye rather than a dramatist's. His art is not the kind to satisfy an appetite for the intimate and the emotional, for touching idiosyncracies of feeling or telling sociological *aperçus.* As a great deal of current interest in photography focuses — quite rightly, in my opinion — on precisely such factors as these, Weston's style is bound to seem somewhat alien and aloof, perhaps a bit dated in its whole approach to the camera eye.

Yet even Weston's detractors cannot gainsay the breath-taking purity, the absoluteness, of his vision. It was his willingness — his compulsion, if you like — to sacrifice mitigating detail, to do away with all the oddments of feeling that might temper or distract his final image, that places Weston among those modern artists, of whom Brancusi is the greatest, who concentrate all their expressive energy on achieving a radical and vibrant simplification.

There are two types of artist who resort to such simplification as a working principle: those whose experience is so impoverished that they have nothing personal to express and who are therefore free to render their material in the easiest possible terms; and those who, like Weston, bring to art such an immense and variegated experience that only by means of a radical simplification can they hope to rescue something permanent, immutable and autonomous from the chaos of their sensations. Just as in Brancusi one feels the compulsion to place art beyond the reach of memory and desire, so in the best of Weston's work one sees the urge to achieve an expression that stands free of the sentiments and associations, the easy identification and empathy, that may have been its original point of departure.

THERE IS no better way of grasping what lay behind Weston's struggle to achieve his purity of vision than to read this first volume of his *Daybooks,* the journal he kept in Mexico from 1923 to 1926. Weston was thirty-seven when he went to Mexico. He was accompanied by Tina Modotti, a remarkable woman who became a notable photographer herself and something of a personality in the left-wing parties of Mexico, Cuba and Spain. He was already married and the father of four sons, two of whom lived with him at different times during this Mexican period. He was poor, and lived by his work and his wits, with occasional help from his wife and others. Before going to Mexico, he had done some delicate, soft-focus Whistlerian portraits—one of Ruth St. Denis, from 1916, is reproduced in the *Daybooks*— and some brilliant precisionist photographs of factories, immaculate views of machinery and smokestacks of the kind that American painters were then much interested in. Weston was already a pro, with a small accomplishment and plenty of experience behind him, when he entered upon his Mexican adventure. What one sees recorded in the Mexican journal, and in the fine selection of photographs that accompany it here, is not the beginning of an artist's career but its crucial turning point.

The household and studio that Weston set up with Tina Modotti very shortly

HILTON KRAMER, formerly chief editor of Arts *magazine, has recently written the foreword to a collection of Milton Avery's painting that is being published by Yoseloff. He is at work on a study of twentieth-century painting and sculpture to be brought out by Doubleday-Anchor.*

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became part of the circle of artistic ferment that was beginning to dominate Mexican cultural life in the wake of the revolution. Weston saw a great deal of Diego Rivera, for whom Tina Modotti often served as a model, and of Jean Charlot and the writers Carleton Beals and Bertram D. Wolfe. He was instantly drawn to the folk art and archaeological objects that were then especially valued as examples of indigenous aesthetic tradition. The ethos of the revolution, combined with a style of life that was slightly primitive and completely free of puritan restraints, was congenial to Weston, who was by temperament a libertarian and freethinker. But it is clear from his day-to-day jottings that he had a completely unpolitical mind. It was the atmosphere and momentum of revolution rather than its specific social and political accomplishments that he valued. In the crucible of a revolutionary situation, Weston perfected his technique and purified his vision; he achieved some of his most beautiful photographic statements, but they came more and more to have an aesthetic character completely divorced from the context in which they were conceived. He was determined to avoid the flamboyant aspect of Mexico. The intensity and lavishness of the Mexican scene, into which Weston entered with gusto as a man, were scrupulously excluded from his work. "I might call my work in Mexico," he wrote, "a fight to avoid its natural picturesqueness."

This preference for severity and detachment reaches a comic (but completely serious) climax in the pages Weston devotes to his attempts to photograph the white toilet bowl in his house. This project was not undertaken in any anti-art spirit à la Duchamp. On the contrary, it was the ultra-aesthetic concern of a man whose imagination came to dwell almost exclusively on the form and shape of things. ". . . it somehow reminded me, in the glory of its chaste convolutions and in its swelling, sweeping, forward movement of finely progressing contours, of the Victory of Samothrace," Weston wrote apropos this "portrait of our privy," and the portrait is reproduced here in all its cool perfection.

This first volume of the *Daybooks* is altogether a readable and delightful record, as much concerned with day-to-day events as with the problems of photography. Beaumont Newhall is surely wrong to compare it to the *Journal* of Delacroix, for Weston's journal is ever so much slighter, but it is a work of great interest all the same. It is handsomely printed (in Germany), but unfortunately badly proofread. Mrs. Newhall, as editor, has not done everything one has a right to expect in a job of this sort. Some footnotes and a glossary of names would have been in order. One hopes, too, that in the biography of Weston that Mrs. Newhall is preparing, Tina Modotti will be given her due; she seems somehow not to be granted her full importance in the present introduction. But we can only be grateful for the work Mrs. Newhall has put into bringing us this valuable document.

Bossism and the Complexity of Power

WHO GOVERNS? Democracy and Power in an American City. By Robert A. Dahl. Yale University Press. 355 pp. $7.50.

BOSS CERMAK OF CHICAGO. By Alex Gottfried. University of Washington Press. 459 pp. $6.50.

Blanche D. Blank

"THE PEOPLE—they make the final decisions." This unexpected observation was voiced a few years ago by a man who at the time represented the apotheosis of the political boss—Carmine De Sapio. Today, as though to underline his remark, De Sapio has faded into political oblivion. Yet the notion of a ubiquitous oligarchy of power dies hard; and there is every reason to explore more carefully just *which* people make *what* decisions. In the past six months, two political scientists have looked at the phenomenon of power in two American cities. Robert Dahl, of Yale, has made a classic study of New Haven; while Alex Gottfried of the University of Washington has written of yet another political figure, Cermak of Chicago.

The American public seems peculiarly responsive to books on bossism. Almost every important boss has been immortalized in some work, fictional or otherwise, from Riordan's *Plunkett of Tammany Hall* to O'Connor's *The Last Hurrah.* This fascination may stem from the promised battle between a basic philosophy and an apparent reality. To most Americans it always appears that Democracy (a system of government in which all adults participate freely and equally in community decisions) is incompatible with Power (the ability to cause others to act in a manner contrary, or possibly contrary, to their own inclinations). Yet the general public (save for those few cynics who feel more comfortable under Mosca's Iron Law of Oligarchy) craves a reconciliation of these two factors. And it is just such a compromise that Professor Dahl's new book provides. He explicitly asks the question: "How does a democratic system work amid inequalities of resources?" And his answer, briefly, is that it works through a system of pluralism. There are many centers of decision—even in just one middle-sized city; and the people involved in any one of these decision centers are not generally present in the others. Thus, no monolithic oligarchy rules, as has been suggested by

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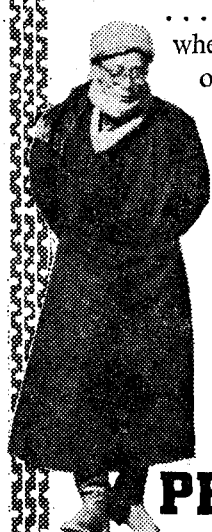

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so many political analysts from Machiavelli (*The Prince*) to C. Wright Mills (*The Power Elite*). While the structure of an urban government or a political party may well be pyramidal in nature, there are many pyramids and they are all built with different clay. Thus Dahl, using the careful empiricism of the political sociologist, explores the historic record of the elected officials of New Haven and discovers that what once was an oligarchy of "patricians" is now a multi-faceted arrangement of bureaucrats. New Haven changed radically over the years from a tightly knit power unit in which the socially prominent were also the wealthy and the politically powerful; to a system in which wealth broke away from social standing, and still later to one in which political power broke away from wealth. This city, like so many others, has provided a political ladder on which each new ethnic group, following the tides of immigration, has climbed, successively, to the top. Currently, Professor Dahl sees politics as the vehicle of the new administrative class (after the last wave of "ethnics," the Negro, finds its own way up).

Dahl further analyzes three important areas of public participation—political nominations, urban development and public education—and finds that while there is a "political stratum" of leaders and sub-leaders that is more influential than the average citizenry in each of these orbits, the *particular* leadership stratum is *different* for each problem, is *open* to public access, and is *responsive* to public pressure.

HOW WELL, one may ask, does this agree with the study of a political boss per se? The Cermak book could serve as another case in point for Professor Dahl's more profound work. Despite the apparent contradiction between a story of boss power and an analysis that concludes, in a sense, that there is no one boss, the chronicle of Anton Cermak does, in fact, illustrate the complexities about which Dahl speaks.

Professor Gottfried gives a closely documented review of the political life of a man who rose from obscurity and poverty to a short-lived period of statewide power in Illinois. Mayor Cermak's chief claim to national fame rests upon his martyrlike death. He was the accidental victim of an assassin's bullet presumably aimed at Franklin Delano Roosevelt. In tracing Cermak's career in Cook County, where he parlayed his leadership of a closely bound ethnic minority—the Czechs—into the mayorality of Chicago and a role of almost national influence, the author reveals the labyrinth of associations and deals that go into such a struggle for power. In so doing, Gottfried makes apparent, although this is not his explicit intention, the shaky foundations of political power, the tremendous importance of public opinion, and the large variety of interest groups that invariably influence any single American politician. This may be viewed as substantiating Dahl's thesis.

There are always leaders, always inequities in the distribution of political resources (wealth, ability, motivation and opportunity). But there is *not* in the United States (nor in any individual American city) any single individual or group in control of *all* these resources for *all* important decisions, for *all* time, and without serious restraints on his (or their) powers. The *people* (that amorphous, elusive, but ubiquitous political factor) do indeed reign, even if they do not inevitably rule.

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Historians Taking Stock

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Edited by John Higham. The Humanities Press. 244 pp. $6.50.

Norman A. Graebner

THOSE American historians who are concerned primarily with the history of the United States constitute a large and heterogeneous profession. It is well that some of its members take stock occasionally of the quality and direction of its endeavors. This volume comprises such an effort, and its inescapable sins of omission stem from the limitations of one narrow book to encompass the writings on American history which have spanned the past quarter-century. Indeed, this volume takes genuine cognizance of the work of only a few dozen historians out of the hundreds who have written significant monographs and articles on all aspects of the nation's history. But the sampling is sufficient to indicate the nature and quality of much of the best writing in this field over the last few decades, and to suggest, in the process, the dilemma involved in writing good history at all. No area of this nation's past has been subjected to a definitive study; there is little possibility that any will be in the future. History is too complex, human motivation too illusive, the record too sparse to reproduce many events of the past with even reasonable accuracy. History will always present the dilemma of the elephant and the six blind men.

The essays conform in general to a flexible framework imposed on its contributors by editor John Higham of the University of Michigan. Each author presents what appears to be the best contemporary evaluation of an assigned historical problem and then criticizes the writings of others in the light of his own judgment. Professor Higham introduces the subject of the book with a brief, but perceptive, survey of American historical writing from late colonial times to the twentieth century. His introduction is followed by ten essays which measure the extent to which American history has been reconstructed by historians of the past quarter-century. Each essayist asks the essential questions which historians must answer and illustrates the futility of anticipating consensus on even the most fundamental issues.

PERHAPS the publication of the "American Nation" series (1904-07) first established the existence of a historical profession in the United States. The second generation of historians came under the dominance of two men, Frederick Jackson Turner and Charles A. Beard, for both dealt with fundamentals and introduced or popularized concepts which kept innumerable historians occupied with the task of assaying the validity of their assumptions about the nature of historic processes. Since the thirties, a third generation of historians has come to the fore which has challenged and modified old interpretations and introduced new forms of historical study, especially in the area of intellectual history. Underlying much

NORMAN A. GRAEBNER, chairman of the Department of History at the University of Illinois, is the author of Empire on the Pacific *(1955),* The New Isolationism *(1956) and* Cold War Diplomacy *(Van Nostrand's Anvil Series, 1962). He has also edited several books on American history.*

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of the latest writing is the quest for perspective, a closer attention to the views of participants and a willingness to venture into unprovable speculations. Recent study continues to reveal a nation revolutionary, yet moderate; idealistic, yet conservative; united, yet divided.

It is fitting, then, that the concluding essay in this book be concerned with the question of the American character. David M. Potter examines two apparently dissimilar and inconsistent strains which depict the American as an individualist and idealist, on the one hand, and as a conformist and materialist, on the other. Potter, in his effort to reconcile this conflicting image, finds the key to the national character in the concept of equality, for the notion of equality encompasses that of equality and opportunity. This, in turn, defends individualism and the undermining of equality; but at the same time it does not discourage moderation, cooperation, discussion, permissiveness and the acceptance of a common humanity.

This is an admirable and instructive volume, sound in concept and execution. The individual essays have been carefully constructed; they achieve their purpose. They reveal much about the American historical profession, its past achievements and continuing challenges. Certainly the standards of American historical writing have never been higher than at present. If the limits imposed on historians by the very nature of historical evidence are acute, they are no cause for despair, for in the vast complexities of human experience significance and meaning must be relative, not absolute.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

JUST before leaving London I saw Tennessee Williams' *Period of Adjustment* at the Royal Court Theatre. (It has since moved to the West End.) The play, you may remember, is a little comedy which had a moderate run on Broadway two seasons ago, attracting a few enthusiastic admirers but a larger number of detractors. It has been most cordially received by the London press and is a distinct hit — Williams' first real box-office success in England.

The explanation for this sort of reversal of theatrical fortune is often ascribed to an improvement in production. The London performance, it has been said, is superior to the one on Broadway. I am inclined to doubt that this is the cause for the play's greater appeal now.

The actors who play the male leads in London (both Canadians) have more quality and skill than those who played them on Broadway. Colin Wilcox (an American) is darling and her performance is more elaborately (and comically) characterized than that of the actress who played the central female role in New York. The rest of the London cast is inferior to those who played the minor parts here. I have been assured that the direction in London was "straighter" — less farcical—than on Forty-Sixth Street, but again I am not at all convinced that this is so. The London production struck me as broader.

It is not the production in London which has turned the play into a success: it is the audience. The audience provides the play's comment. The English stage has latterly become tougher and rougher, its public more eager to see the depiction of working-class people and environments — and provincial ones at that — a milieu that was rare in the West End theatre before 1956. Greater latitude in subject matter, language, moral and social disposition is increasingly manifest. I believe, therefore, that there is going to be a decided "trend" in London toward plays in which sex will serve as a central theme.

But just as Wesker has tried to show in his most recent play *Chips With Everything* that the English Establishment tends to absorb and neutralize "proletarian" protest, so the new sex plays will, to begin with, not parallel Williams' *Streetcar, Cat* or *Iguana*; nor will they resemble the sex tragedies of the Continental playwrights from Strindberg and Wedekind to Anouilh.

Williams' early plays may have exercised some influence on a few English playwrights — although that is hardly evident as yet — but it is clear that the playgoing public has not generally been attracted by them. They probably strike that public as too private, unmannerly, extreme and strenuous. They take their "nastiness" too seriously.

In *Period of Adjustment* Williams pokes fun at the sexual timidity, frustration, psychic impotence, gingerliness of the average (Puritan) American — and very few among us have been unaffected in one way or another by our now low-grade Puritanism. The English can appreciate this, for in somewhat different fashion, but even more widely and acutely, they are similarly affected. That is especially true of the educated and semi-educated middle class, if not indeed of large sections of the working class as well. The generalization may be disputed with respect to the acts and facts of English sexual behavior, but it is true beyond question that frank, open discussion and presentation of sexual impulses in public places like the theatre is still sketchy. The bonds are about to burst.

The breakthrough will at first probably take the form of good-humored comedies like *Period of Adjustment*, in which the Londoners can have their sexual cake and at the same time laugh it off. It is safer that way — and it is especially safe when the play is American — at once racy and sympathetically sentimental.

As a postscript to this, I must add that, just as the London theatre public is now little interested in literary or studiously poetic plays (like those of Eliot or Fry) and prefers on the one hand Osborne, Wesker, Delaney and Beckett, and on the other Pinter, Ionesco and Simpson, so it is possible that America — if any tendencies beyond musical comedy can be discerned in our anarchy —is beginning to hanker after "dignity." *A Man For All Seasons*, an English play,

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Song

This new lady, does she not intrigue, in her little medieval hair,
Head in an old snood, eyes all abased, not yet cute-cat-quaint
Like that other, My Songs?
These limbs are too delicate
To possess and touch except eye by eye, slowly;
Her voice sings soft songs quietly
While this other did not, but raged as if your subject
Were not just to dance, gentle as flowers beyond Renaissance.
But, Songs, it is not not too late for reconnaissance;
Be, sound as well as you may, for you may have simply been on my tongue,
Danced on the grass, happily leaping, me piping, too long.

Robert Takas

does even better in New York than in London, while *J. B.* fails totally in London.

BACK in New York I had a thoroughly good time at the Central Park production of *The Tempest*. This — Shakespeare's farewell to the theatre — is sometimes played dreamily as a philosophical pageant, but there is no reason at all why it should not be done, as here, in the mood of a heavenly farce.

The actors' diction at the New York Shakespeare Festival is rarely "distinguished" and sometimes not even wholly distinct, but the play comes through with youthful bounce and a wild gaiety under Gerald Freedman's well-thought-out and delightfully realized direction. We *see* the play: every speech and scene is translated into substantial physical action. None of the performers is bad and some, like James Earl Jones who plays Caliban, are excellent. Every one has a consistent characterization—sometimes a particularly apt and amusing one. That is the case with the Ferdinand of Richard Jordan; he does not hesitate to make this lover a sweet ninny, like so many of Shakespeare's comedy swains.

James Earl Jones is the actor I have seen most frequently on the stage in the past two years. One possible reason for this is that all his acting has been done off-Broadway. He must therefore be more concerned with engaging in his profession than in making good deals and signing careful agent-hatched contracts. Does it follow from this that if one wants to act on the American stage with some degree of continuity one must resign oneself to being poor?

ON Broadway, the latest smash is *A Funny Thing Happened On the Way to the Forum*, a respectably rowdy musical by Stephen Sondheim, Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. I can make no extended comment on this entertainment — none certainly is needed — except to say that since my guest and the rest of the audience laughed loud and often, I was impelled to do the same.

There are actually several very funny lines in the show and the plot uses classic farce situations which have served from Plautus (the "book" borrows from a number of Plautus' vulgar comedies) to Minsky. When I had time to think about this — an unnecessary diversion — I wondered who had invented the best lines: the authors or the actors in the course of rehearsals. For there can be no doubt that the graceful Gargantuan clown, Zero Mostel, is a volcano of devilish, almost frightening fun which seems to issue from him like the gush of a geyser.

Funny, too, but more grotesque are tremulous Jack Gilford and brash David Burns. Without anything in his wide mouth but teeth and tongue, Burns always looks as if he were tormenting a cigar. The show is scenically abstemious. I spotted one sumptuous girl in the small "ensemble." You may find others. What more can one ask of Broadway these days?

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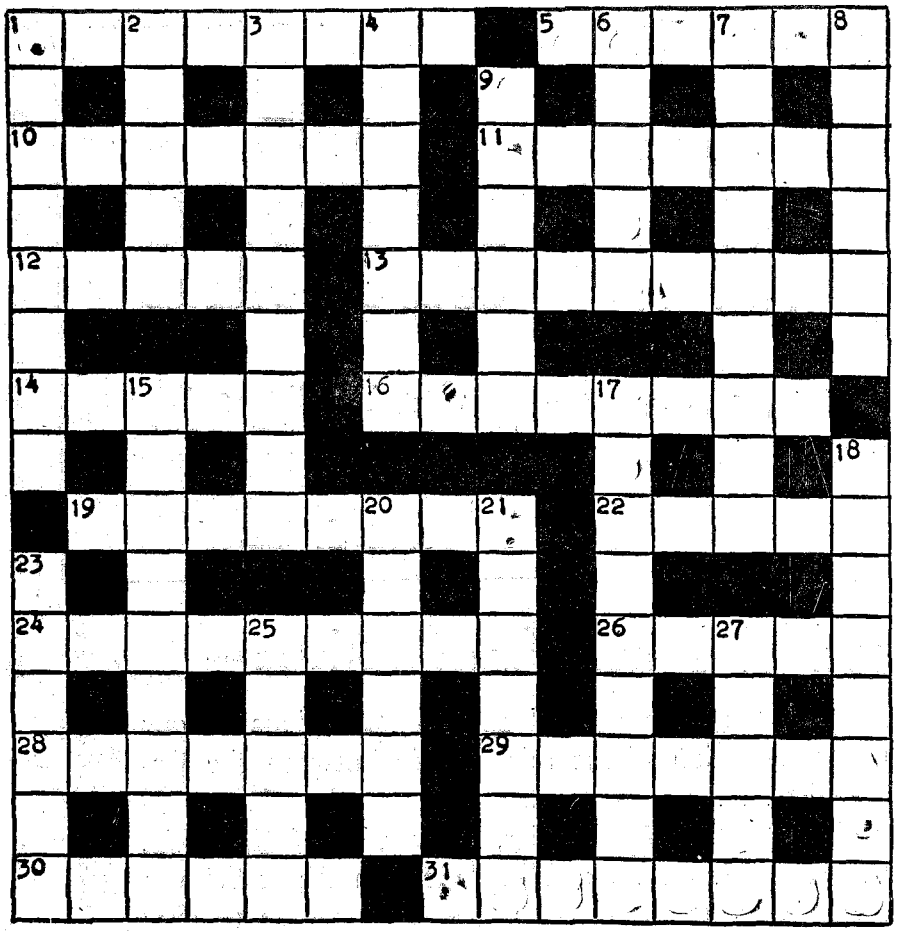
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Married Mary, and the two of them are evidently doing fine! (8)
10 Puts on a coat again for inside wear, and rules once more. (7)
11 It's mean for a girl to show her years so extremely. (7)
12 The state of Boston must first bring back a foreign environment.
13 Poor relations of an adherent of Louis Philippe's family? (9)
14 Not an express pain-killer. (5)
16 Planes were, and behaved as cocky ones. (8)
19 Well, it might have been part of this, but it had its points. (8)
22 It involves a hold-up before a hanging. (5)
24 and 5 across The press is monstrous and vulgar, if Lowell's work is any clue. (3, 6, 6)
26 How an animal backs up the street?
29 March might be associated with a time of destructive force here. (7)
30 Certainly not young trees. (6)
31 A rather dull characteristic of the "Elegy"? (8)

DOWN:

1, 28 across and 9 down The cost of the clingers is put to the tar. (8, 4, 3, 6)
2 Shows an inclination, or possibly appears in the lists. (5)
3 What does the quixotic do to them? Two down! (9)
4 Hope, Faith, and Love were three that Schiller would write. (7)
6 Have a care! The nut is already cracked! (5)
7 Six men are necessary to make such a panel of investigators. (9)
8 Obtains a pure strain of gold fish?
15 Set where one might find a college girl about 27, in a way. (9)
17 and 27 What the British might consider a vulgar point of view at Spotsylvania? (3, 6, 5)
18 Calm as an indication of the coming weather there? (8)
20 Please don't disturb, unless you want to get numb. (6)
21 One who acts is a comic at heart, though certainly not a young lady.
23 Racing establishment not likely to fail? (6)
25 Dry pointer, put into the earth? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 971

ACROSS: 6 Squab; 9 Impacts; 10 Formica; 11 and 6 down Erasure; 12 and 27 Tumble-down; 13 and 15 down Pink elephants; 18 Employ; 20 Passkey; 23 and 24 Half gainer; 25 and 2 Out of place; 28 Nairobi; 29 Shining; 30 Sedan; 31, 16 and 1 across I Can Get It For You Wholesale. DOWN: 1 and 15 across White elephant; 3 Escutcheon; 4 Assuming; 5 Enfold; 7 Utility; 8 Blackouts; 14 Consorting; 17 Magnesia; 19 Palsied; 21 Egotist; 22 Tahiti; 26 Tight.

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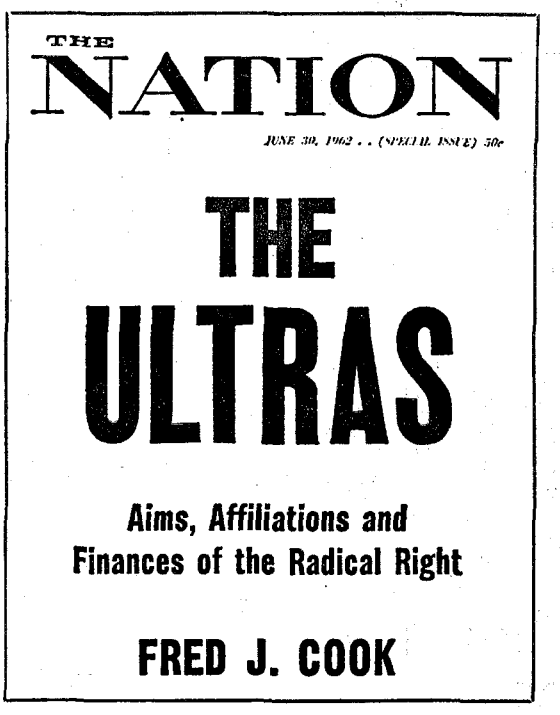

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